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The witch



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Chapter 1 by Adrianna Maunupau

Once long ago there was a girl she was like human, but she was more different, people teased her and called her names like ugly or whatever. But on the kings day, she terrorized everyone and now every one in little village are scared of the witch, children were never going out and never playing all they did all day was to stay inside

Chapter 2 by -



The witch was repulsive in appearance. She had long dingy white hair, jaggedly cut. Her nails were pale blue and curled into a sharp point. Her cheeks were hollow, her teeth were yellow. And there was a hump on her back. Thought the worst of the witch, came from her piercing gray eyes..

Yes, she terrorized. But it was more from the sheer sight of her that brought death to many.

The witch had succeeded though, in scaring the town. She could command the people, and they would do her bidding.

Or should I say almost all. All except for one boy.

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Chapter 2 by AnateTheTrex



This was boy was no ordinary boy. He was a small dirty boy, with matted brown hair and dirty clothes. The witch however saw much more in this small homeless boy. He had a kind soul and was always trying to help people. He never turned anyone away and always

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gave what little food he could find to others, often going to bed hungry himself. The witch had a wish, she wanted to be friends with this boy.

She left little gifts of apples and fabrics in places he would find. Then she would run back into the shadows to watch as he found her gifts and looked around confused. Finding no one he would find ways to spread the gifts. Cutting apples into slices and handing them out to all the other street rats or using the fabric to patch clothes and make socks for the littlest of the ragged children.

Chapter 4 by datboi



She found the little runt of the litter strangely curious. She found it impossible to fathom why the squirt would constantly deprive himself of sustenance or basic necessities just so others could have a fraction of a chance at another day alive. She watched, day after day, gift after gift, as the boy continued to refuse his full portion, watched as the flesh seemed to melt off his frame until he was all skin and bones.

After two months of instructing terrified villagers to send her what little provisions they could so that she could continue leaving little heaps of cloth and fruit for him to find, her patience was wearing thin. Her selfishness was nagging at her, a nuisance growing with each passing day. Why should she be indirectly helping the other worthless maggots freeloading off the boy and her free service? They had expressed close to no gratitude for his help, had turned their backs that fateful day when he had discovered one of the cats she had been experimenting on for a particular spell. She would never forget the pleading cries spilling from his chapped lips, the sobs that wracked his body when the poor kitten finally stopped squirming in pain.

The boy was too good, too pure for this world. He deserved more than unfeeling brutes who were too preoccupied with themselves to even spare a child and his dying animal a glance.

She clenched her fists, fire-red sparks dancing from her knuckles as she watched yet another family smile at the little boy as he offered them the food, and angrily traced their fingers with

her gaze as they walked away, their tiny, thin, fragile forms disappearing into the night.

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She was going to do something about it. She was going to take the boy away from this horrible, dreadful place and the accidental fire that had sprung from beneath the floorboards.

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She was going to take the boy away from this horrible, dreadful place.

Chapter 5 by Magdalene



She appeared in front of him on a back road to his little shack with a basket of apples on her arm one rainy and dreary afternoon. The boy stopped dead in his tracks, stared eye-to-eye with the witch, for she was a small young woman, his eyes showing a flicker of fear. But, anyhow, a small smile curled on his small lips in his usual kind and loving manner with a twinkle that showed in his jeweled blue eyes.

"Madame," he bowed toward the dreadful and lonely witch with no trace of anger or terror, "what can I do for you?"

The witch was surprised from his response. It was often she had gotten this much respect . . . and even if she did, it was all from panic. She straightened her back, not letting this poor, mangy boy see she was weakened. "Boy," she whispered gently, even though she hoped her words came out commanding and fierce. "I have been watching you."

The boy stared at her calmly but she could tell he was somewhat . . . confused.

"I have seen how kind and delightful you have been to these grimy townspeople. How you have satisfied them with the apples I left for you." She broke eye contact, the feeling new for she hadn't lost in years. "I have seen how you are too pure for this world." She hesitated and lowered her soft voice, as she had noticed a young couple looking toward them, "I want to take you somewhere perfect."

The boy blinked and took a small step back. "Ma'am, I would so much rather stay here with my people, my kin, to keep helping them where I can. I do not think I will ever be able to leave them-

"But-"

"No." The boy held up his hand, interrupting the witch and testing her anger. "I am not finished. I will go with you for I believe you will not let me turn down this offer but as long as you promise not to harm this town anymore."

The young witch stared at the poor boy, astonished at his bravery and chivalry. Suddenly, however, her rage boiled inside of her. "You think me an angry lion who pounces on weak prey just for the fun of it? A snake who chokes its own friends because of one small mistake? No! I will not take you! You must stay here, doomed boy, but I will make your life miserable." She

threw her cloak around her and started away. With a flick of her hand, she gave the kind boy a broken hip and watched from a safe distance as he fell in the rain. "Maybe I am a snake," she thought, "but I will not let you go. With the rain drops,

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Or maybe I'm not a snake...

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